

The World.

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TO THE GRAND JURY:

What the Public wants to know IS who receives the moneys paid by criminals for Police Protection.

The Grand Jury must NOT be afraid to go as "high up" as the head waters of the stream of criminal gold.

The way to put an end to the existence of crime that flourishes by police aid is to put the guilty police officials in jail.

ST. PATRICK, HIS DAY.

ABOUT St. Patrick, to whom this day is consecrated, there are whole books of legendry which stamp themselves as fabulous. It is so of all the famous characters of tradition. But there is nothing mythical about the influence which from the life of St. Patrick have become implanted in every Irish breast.

Because chains cannot defy destiny Patrick rose from slavery to sainthood. There is in this thought a constant spur to Irish ambition and desire for liberty. It matters not whether the Saint drove the snakes from Ireland. He has driven despair and doubt from the hearts of myriads of the Green Isle's good people.

He founded churches (enough to give one for each day in the year), established colleges, restored sight to the blind, raised the dead (all this according to ancient chronicles) and brought seven mighty kings to the altar. He was a Saint of great deeds and mighty words—converting many thousands by his own power—and he justly lives in glowing letters on the Calendar.

It is good, to-day, to give great thought to St. Patrick—and a cheer for the Shamrock he loved.

LET THE FIREMEN ALONE!

ONE of the speakers at a meeting last evening said that the firemen of New York are "nothing but white slaves." Not true. Firemen are voluntary members of a great department. They are faithful, earnest, appreciated—the pride of the city—and well paid.

But when the speaker charged that, for political punishment, firemen are transferred the length of the city, separated from their families and other proper interests, and subjected to such petty persecutions as little bosses contrive, he touched a point where New York becomes interested and indignant at once.

It has been a comforting thought to this city that its fire department, at least, was out of interfering politics. Municipal self-interest, as well as regard for brave men, demands that it shall be so. Discipline cannot exist with political bullying, and without discipline efficiency cannot survive.

The charge opens a field for immediate inquiry and action hardly less important than that presented in the Police Department.

The Bosses MUST let the firemen alone!

ENCOURAGE SHELDON.

IT is to be noticed, with regret, that the severest criticisms made against Preacher-Editor Sheldon are those of his brother ministers. And the encouragement to him has come from persons outside of the churches, who believe that any man, whether he be preacher or layman, who is striving to uplift humanity, to better the conditions of life and to raise to a higher standard the civic virtues, deserves encouragement.

Dr. Sheldon has made many mistakes in his work of editing the Topeka newspaper. But for the good he has done The Evening World felicitates him, and extends the warmest sympathy in his endeavor to benefit all the people.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

TO-DAY is St. Patrick's Day. It is the first anniversary of the Windsor Hotel burning.

It is the best possible day for Chief Devery to get out.

To-morrow is Grover Cleveland's birthday. It is also the anniversary of John C. Calhoun's birth.

A year ago to-morrow the two hated Republics in South Africa formed their defensive alliance. To-morrow should find Devery one day out of office.

Don't forget to set down Thursday evening's cold time on the Bridge among the arguments for the East River tunnels.

During intermission it is proper to remark that Devery's brief crusade against music started a lively dance, to which the amazed Chief acted the part of devil.

Quintessential Nagle has no disposition to detract from the credit of such snow as took itself away.

Every League magnate except Mr. Freedman knows that is the dog in the manger.

Mr. Bailey, of Texas, may get into the upper chamber. Senatorial courtesy will forbid the introduction of the dress-coat issue.

Fresh Air and Milk.

When one hardly has to much fresh air in his room, and should be wheeled briefly but not always on a straight road as possible. Wheeling baby carriage down a steep hill is a good thing.

When a little child takes the better, that is, when he is wheeled. A cup of warm milk to a child is a good thing. They very often cannot get enough of it. They often cannot get enough of it. They often cannot get enough of it.

TALMAGE'S SATURDAY SERMON.

"Do Not Be a Prophet of Evil!"



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

MY dear sir, my dear madam, what do you mean by going about this world with disheartenment? Is not the supply of gloom and trouble and misfortune enough to meet the demand without your running a factory of pins and spikes?

Why should you plant black and blue in the world when God so seldom plants them? Plenty of scarlet colors, plenty of yellow, plenty of green, plenty of pink, but very seldom a plant black or blue.

I never saw a black flower, and there's only here and there a bluebell or a violet; but the blue is for the most part reserved for the sky, and we have to look up to see that, and when we look up, no color can do us harm. Why not plant along the paths of others the brightness instead of the gloom?

Do not prophesy misfortune. If you must be a prophet at all, be an Ezekiel, and not a Jeremiah. In ancient times prophets who foretold evil were doing right, for they were divinely directed; but the prophets of evil in our time are generally false prophets.

Some of our weather-wise people prophesied that last summer would be a season of unparalleled heat. It was a very comfortable summer.

Last fall all the weather prophets agreed in saying we should have a winter of extraordinary severity.

THE WORLD'S LA GRIPPE CURE.

Phenacetine 15 grains
 Quinine 15 grains
 Cadin 3-8 grains

Divide this quantity into six powders and take one every hour for four hours; after that take one every two or three hours.

This dose is for an adult. Any druggist will put it up for you.

A PUSSY WILLOW LUNCHEON.

PUSSY willows! Is there a woman living who doesn't want to carry home a branch of the tender little gray things when she sees them first in the Spring?

How delightfully a table may be trimmed with these furry branches. Imagine a woman's luncheon with a motif of pussy willow! A china bowl filled with them makes an artistic centerpiece. A corsage bouquet tied with dull red ribbon could be laid at each cover. Place cards, if these are used, could be of soft gray—pussy—color, and could have hand-painted sprays of the willow.

White china, with border of gray, would further the dainty color scheme, and if a woman's own china closet does not boast this, it may often be secured from the caterer. Confining the side dishes to green things—olives, green peas, celery, candied mint leaves—will help to carry out the suggestion of Spring.

For a little element of surprise the bonbonnières might take the form of wee gray kittens, or the ice cream might be moulded to represent them.

When Writing to the Queen.

WHEN you write to Queen Victoria the paper which you use must be thick and white, and the letter must be put into an envelope large enough to contain it without folding. A letter which has been folded never reaches the Queen, and the chances are that she never hears of its existence. Such letters are dealt with by the mistress of the robes, who, if she considers them of sufficient importance to be handed to Her Majesty, returns them to their senders, with directions as to how the letter should be sent to the sovereign.

Life's Good Morning.

IF! We've been long together. Through pleasant and through cloudy weather. 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear. Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; Then steal away, give little warning. Choose time own time; Bid me good night, but in some brighter elime Bid me good morning.

—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

THE FALSE-FACE CURE.



AN IROQUOIS MASK.

The Iroquois Indians made queer uses of false faces. Some of their hideous masks are still preserved. They were worn by a false-face band, which by ceremonies and dances sought to propitiate bad spirits that were called "false faces," because they were supposed to have faces only and no other human attributes. The Iroquois thought this band, by worshipping the false faces, could bring rain, and were successful.

blizzard on the heels of blizzard. It was the mildest winter I ever remember to have passed. Indeed autumn and spring almost shoved winter out of the procession.

Real troubles have no heralds running ahead of their sombre chariots, and no one has any authority in our time to announce their coming. Load yourself up with hopeful words and deeds.

The old song sung at the piano a quarter of a century ago was right: "Kind words can never die." Such kind words have their nests in kind hearts, and when they are hatched out and take wing, they circle round in flights that never cease, and sportsman's gun cannot shoot them, and storms cannot ruffle their wings, and when they cease flight in these lower skies of earth they sweep around amid the higher altitudes of heaven.

At Baltimore I talked into a phonograph. The cylinder containing the words was sent on to Washington, and the next day that cylinder from another phonographic instrument, when turned, gave back to me the very words I had uttered the day before and with the same intonations.

Sold into a phonograph and it will scold back. Four mild words into a phonograph and it will return the gentleness.

Society and the world and the church are phonographs. Give them acerbity and rough treatment, and acerbity and rough treatment you will get back. Give them practical friendliness, and they will give back practical friendliness.

A father asked his little daughter: "Marry, why is it that everybody loves you?" She answered: "I don't know, unless it is because I love everybody." "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

FEAST OF FUN BY REAL LAUGH-MAKERS.

BARELY POSSIBLE.



Dolly—She has a great command of language, hasn't she?

Jack—Yes; I expect that's why she has never married.

NOT FAR OUT.



He—I wonder what makes me so happy to-day; she's been singing about the house all the morning?
 She—Dessay she's found something fresh to scold for when he comes home to-night!

FIRST AID TO WOUNDED HEARTS.

She Dances with Others.

I have been keeping company with a young lady for about fourteen months, and I asked her not to dance with any other fellow but me, and she said she would, as she sees no harm in it. I do see harm in it. What can I do to stop her?

W. G. W.
 If the young lady is not engaged to marry you she has a perfect right to dance with other men without your permission. It is now the custom for girls to dance with other men even if they are engaged, although I think under such circumstances a lover has a right to expect his wishes in the matter to be respected. If she does not care enough for you to grant you the favor you ask I do not think anything will "stop her."

Is It Unlucky?

I am going with a young lady whom I dearly love and would like to keep steady company with her, but about a week ago she visited a young lady friend of hers and she told her that it was not good luck to keep steady company with a young man whose last name begins with the same letter as hers. As I dearly love her and would not like to part from her will you please give me your opinion of this? Is it true or not, or is it superstition?

W. G. W.

Of course it is not true, but superstition of the grossest form. The young lady cannot care very much for you or she would never take refuge in such an idle excuse.

He Is In Love at Sixteen.

I am a young man sixteen years of age and am deeply in love with a cousin of mine three years my senior. Her parents like me very much, but I know that in case I should propose I would be refused, not because she does not care for me but because she would never think of marrying one younger than herself.

A young man of sixteen has no right to think of marriage, excepting as a happiness which may come to him several years later. No girl of good sense would consider a proposal of marriage from a boy of your years. According to the law you are yet an infant. Hide your time, my friend.

They Differ in Religion.

I have been keeping company with a young man. We have become so much attached to one another that I have no idea what I will do if we have to part, and the cause of our parting would be religion, he being a Baptist and I a strict Catholic. Please tell me what to do. Every time I mention religion he becomes disgusted. Would you advise me to give up going with him, or wait and see what he is going to do?

L. M.

If you cannot agree upon so serious a matter as your religion before marriage, you need look for nothing but unhappiness after. Unless you can settle upon some basis concerning this most important subject so that you will avoid arguments and quarrels I should certainly advise you for your own happiness to give the young man up.

"LET US BE THANKFUL."



Money to Burn and Oil to Burn It With.

Popular Irish Names.

IN the Emerald Isle the Murphys head the poll with 62,000, being most plentiful in Wexford and Carlow; the next most frequent names are Kelly, 52,000 (Kildare); Sullivan, 45,000 (Cork and Kerry); Walsh, 41,000; Smith, 37,000; O'Brien, 32,000; Byrne, 32,000 (principally in Dublin and Wicklow); Ryan, 32,000; Connor, 31,000; O'Neill, 29,100; and Reilly, 29,000.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

"Madam," said the tramp as he held out his hat to a lady who was passing, "will you please give me a few pennies to get something to eat?"
 "Indeed I won't," replied the lady as she staid him up at a glance. "You have been drinking."
 "Well, and suppose I have," answered the tramp. "Is that any reason why I shouldn't eat occasionally?"

BUSINESS-LIKE.



"I whipped you for breaking the window, Max, but I find out that it wasn't you, but your brother Mike that did it."
 "All right, Pop, just credit that licking to my account."

TWO ESSENTIALS.

Mack O'Rell—If New York has a winning team the coming season I wonder what will be the players' essential points?
 Luke Warme—They must make a firm stand like the Boers and sprint just as fast as Aguinaldo.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Not a True Man.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I don't agree with "Henry McCracken," who says that most wives are "glad to be paupers on their husbands' bounty." I think he is one of those of whom I once heard a noted lawyer say: "Such husbands have the human form, but that is all; they are not men." I think that the lawyer was right. The woman who is looked upon as a pauper by the man who promised to love, cherish and protect her is to be pitied. And the man who would thus name her, even in his thoughts, is unfit for the society of women.

Mrs. H. D. M.

They "Saw" Him.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Here is an original joke for the letter column: First Cop—Hit, Bill! Remember clubs are trumps. We'll clobber that burglar sure.
 Second Cop—If he escapes by the chimney we'll follow soot.

Expel Hogs First.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 "C. B. Masterson" asks "why the city authorities do not drive out all the cats and dogs, as the cows and hogs have been driven out?" Has "Masterson" ever been on the elevated train during the busy hours? If so, he, or she, could see hogs galore. When such are driven from the face of the earth, then attention can be directed to harmless cats and dogs.

H. A.

Doesn't Love Survive Wealth?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 A correspondent asks if he should keep on working after marriage. If your husband is kind and unselfish and is willing to place his savings with yours in a savings bank in your name as well as in his, I should say: "Keep on earning your \$12 a week, providing it does not in any way injure your health, as a man has no use for an unhealthy wife." If your health should break down through your efforts to save money for the future, you would soon find his love growing cold. The fact that you did it for his sake would never give him a thought. He would see only the fact that you were not healthy, and perhaps would despise you for it. The average man who wants his wife to work wants everything in his own name. Then, in case of his death without a will, his relatives can claim everything except a wife's third.

Woman's Latest Fads.

ONS in place of watch chains.
 A narrow black velvet necklet about the lower edge of the stock.
 The miniature belt buckle in preference to any other design.
 Buttons rears made into culture ornaments.
 Orange tints, more unique than any are becoming.
 These make up the present costume of the season.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

The Girl Who Contradicts.

SHE may be a girl as fair as a flower, but if she has contracted the sad habit of contradicting every one with whom she comes in contact, the perfect but has a worm at the root which will destroy its sweetness all too soon.

Remember, my dear girl, every one has as good a right to his opinion as you have to yours. Let your friend tell the story as he has heard it, and believe that he is quite as apt to be right about the matter under discussion as the other friend who related the same anecdote to you in a different way.

There is no way in which a girl can get herself disliked so quickly as to be continually contradicting those about her. It does not show a superior knowledge on your part, my dear. On the contrary, it shows a decided lack of proper judgment and good breeding.

It is always the girl who contradicts who will not brook being corrected when she is in error. To such young girls I would say: Look upon it as a grateful kindness, a courtesy extended to you, when any one takes the pains to point out to you your own faults.

It may be done sneeringly or in envy, but you are still the gainer by it. For you have learned something which you did not know before and which may be of value to you to remember.

The girl who continually contradicts will find that the habit will grow upon her and gain her more enemies than friends.

Her girl companions will soon hold aloof from her, and the young men will let her severely alone.

There is no end to the mischief that is responsible to this habit, if the girl given to contradicting marries. The husband is the main sufferer, and by and by fierce quarrels arise from it, or the husband relapses into stolid silence—more to be dreaded than the most passionate of protests.



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

For when he reaches this stage his love has pretty well died out, and he relies solely on his patience and endurance to keep him up until the end comes. Conquer the habit, dear girls. It would be better not to be considered too knowing than to pay for it at such a cost as the loss of worthy friendship and good opinions.

Think twice, my dear girl, ere you contradict the speech you have just listened to.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

A prize of \$25 will be awarded each week for the best original short love story. The prize-winner will be printed in Saturday's Evening World. All accepted stories will be paid for—\$5 each. Stories must not exceed 700 words—500 words preferred. Send MS. to Prize Love Story Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 2334, New York City.

AN INVOLUNTARY HERO.

By Arthur C. Vivian, 519 Jersey Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

DURING the course of our walk we came to a secluded little dell. In its midst was a rock, low, flat and, best of all, not too large. As a furniture model that rock would be a success.

With much solicitude I intimated to Edith that she must be fatigued with our long ramble. Was not a rest desirable? She had been strangely thoughtful ever since sighting the dell. I was a comparative stranger, and did not know that I was by no means the first to discover the merits of the rock. She acquiesced carelessly to my proposition, apparently not noticing the extreme coyness of our seat.

Here was my chance. My friend, Jack Thornton, had been engaged two months, and I had his formula for such little occasions. He said you must begin with generalities.

"The looseness of the marriage laws in this country is degrading," I remarked, firmly.

Glimming at Edith, I found that she was gazing intently at two robins that were twittering in a great



"AND WHEN I RETURN"

oak. On reviewing my statement, it seemed to me that I had begun at the wrong end.

Edith's waist was clasped by a very pretty little belt. I have an eye for artistic effect, and it seemed to me that my arm would improve that waist immensely.

Following up my first remark, I said: "But how a man could quarrel with an American girl is more than I can understand. I have travelled much, and have seen the women of many countries, but, in my opinion, the American girl is the highest type of her sex."

This was politic; Edith is very patriotic. She looked at me for the first time in five minutes and smiled rather enigmatically.

"Wasn't it brave of Tom Whitney to enlist?" she cried, with enthusiasm.

Ordinarily, Whitney ornaments a bank in New York. Any day he was to be seen behind the glass partition energetically muddling the accounts of the bank. I believe that the fellow had the mistaken idea that Edith was not indifferent to him. She had often intimated that we should enlist. He had taken the bait, and only the night previous had appeared in the gorgeous uniform of the Rough Riders. If I had not happened to be at Edith's he would have proposed.

I now comprehended the meaning of Edith's apparently casual remark: either I must enlist or yield my place to Whitney. Growing inwardly, I accepted the inevitable.

"Yes, it was brave of Tom," I rejoined; "and, as I do not intend to be outdone by him, I shall go to the front as correspondent of the village paper. In that way I shall be sure of plenty of fighting, while Tom may not even see a Spaniard."

"And when I return will a certain young lady do me the favor of becoming my wife?"

Edith blushed, and smiled adorably. I smothered the smile and experimented with my arm. My judgment as to the effect of the latter was sustained, and I usurped the function of the belt for the next half hour.

I was accepted as correspondent at the munificent salary of \$5 an article. At Guzman's a combed Spanish sharpshooter potted me in the shoulder and at the hospital fever set in. When I returned home my many figure was the exact copy of a living shambler.

We have been married for a year, and have only one child.

Edith is no danger from the business of

BIRTHDAY LUCK.

For March 17.

IF you were born on March 17 this is the meaning of the day for you:

It is moderately fair, but avoid writings and changes. Both good and evil is indicated this coming year, and with care much can be averted that otherwise would bring sorrow. Look to sickness, especially by those advanced in years, and guard carefully all matters of writings and promises. The year is an important one.

For March 18.

It is not important. Rest. Your coming year seems somewhat quiet, and matters will pass along without much change. Cares and disappointments will be in evidence, however, and all financial matters should be guarded.

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THE NEWEST PARISIAN SKIRT.



THE side plait is formed by the skirt being cut and pieces of cloth let in. The drawing shows them open as they appear when walking. At rest the small opening closes, showing straps of the light cloth. The back has three small plaits on either side of a fairly large plait—not so large as the back-plait skirt. At the top of these plaits are short straps of light cloth which only on one side; they are called "finger plaits."